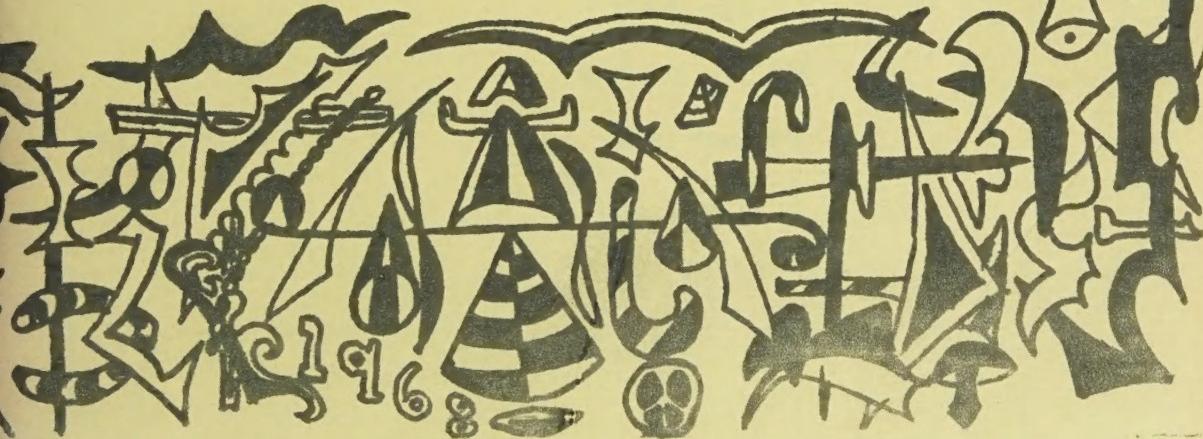
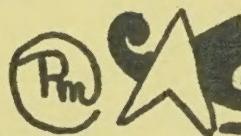


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Know yourself first, then turn to the world...

Robert Kelly

* * * * *

THE FIRST WEEKS OF SCHOOL:
A Portion of Memoirs

Blanche H. Pickering

We had lived in Oregon four months when the fall term of school opened in September, 1900. I was almost eight but I had never been to school. A child had to be seven to go to school in Colorado and since we were going to move to Oregon, Ma had not thought it worth while to let me start school in Colorado Springs.

I had learned to read, though, by looking over my brother Smith's shoulder where he sat on the end of Ma's wash bench, trying, between sniffling sobs, to make out the words in his third grade reader. Smith was twelve and slow with books but Ma was determined that he was going to be able to read and write before she let him quit school. So there he had to sit every afternoon, and try, and cry, while Ma rubbed clothes on the washboard and scolded him.

Orme was only ten and in the fourth grade. He made my life miserable with his teasing but I nagged him until he wrote down the letters of the alphabet and taught me how to pronounce them and put easy words together.

On that first day of school Orme took me into the North Central School and down a long hall, to an open doorway.

"In there," he mumbled with a push, and ran off down the hall.

I could see the teacher, writing at her desk, her back towards the door. There was only one little girl in the room. She was plump, blue-eyed and chewing the end of one of her straw-colored braids. She looked as scared as I felt. Orme had told me about the school and about the Principal, a man who sneaked through the halls, waiting to catch some luckless pupil "out of order." Every day, so Orme said, at least one boy or girl would be dragged to the office and whipped by a whipping machine!

It was bad enough to be whipped by Pa when he was raging mad, but to be whipped by something that wasn't even human--that made me shiver inside my stomach.

Now, I squeezed up tight against the wall and took tiny breaths so this teacher wouldn't turn around and discover me. Orme had told me about the teacher, too. He said if I wrote with my left hand the teacher would cut it off! I was naturally left-handed and had been writing with my left hand at home. Now, I had to remember, right hand, write right hand.

The other new girl had been staring at me all this time. Now she raised her pudgy finger and pointed at me. The teacher turned around. I had a wild desire to dash out, to run back to the shelter of home, but my feet were glued to the floor. The teacher got up from her chair and came over to me. She was tall, had brown hair and wore glasses.

"Why, we have a new pupil. How nice," she smiled. Her voice sounded warm, like April sunshine. But I was not fooled. I knew she had an ax somewhere.

She put an arm around my shoulder but I twisted out from under her hand. I didn't like to be touched. Pa touched me only when he boxed my ears, or if I had done something to really rile him, he

used a switch. Ma sometimes slapped me, but mostly I had been left alone since I could button my clothes and braid my pigtails and tie them with cord string. Affection was an unknown word in our family.

The teacher pursed her lips and muttered something that sounded like "Hum...little outlaw." She pointed to a seat in the far corner and I went there, sat down, and put my slate, slate pencil and sack lunch inside my desk. Soon the other pupils came marching in and found seats. The teacher told us she was Miss Hansen and she put all our names down on a sheet of paper. The fall term of school had begun.

I got into trouble at noon when we were all eating lunch in the school room. Miss Hansen had stepped out of the room for a few minutes. I was just finishing a dough-god soaked in blackstrap when the girl across the aisle pointed down at my feet.

"Button, button, who's got the button?" she giggled.

It was true that half the buttons were gone from my shoes, but I wasn't about to let any kid in that school make fun of my clothes.

My Harvey temper boiled up. I leaped at her, slapping, pulling hair, kicking shins. She fought back as best she could. The room was in an uproar when Miss Hansen came in.

"Stop this, instantly!" The ice in her voice froze us all into silence. I slid back into my own seat.

"Now, who started this?"

"She did." They all pointed to me.

"Hum," said Miss Hansen. "Go down to the office. It's downstairs at the end of the hall. Tell Mr. Williams I sent you."

The whipping machine! As I went down the hall I thought of running home, but I knew I'd get a whaling from Pa. I'd heard him tell Smith and Orme often enough that he sent them to school to learn and if they got a whipping at school they would get another one when they got home. I'd have settled for the whipping at home but I knew that Orme would drag me back to school the next day and I'd still get whipped by that machine.

I found the office and went in. The principal was tall and thin and almost bald. He didn't look mean, but he couldn't fool me. I looked around for the machine but it was not in sight.

"Well," he said, "who sent you down here?"

"Miss Hansen."

"And what did you do?"

"I was fightin'."

"A first-grader fighting. Why?"

"Girl made fun of my shoes."

He looked down at my ragged old shoes. "I see." He tapped his pencil against his teeth. "You know that we punish pupils who fight in the school or on the grounds. I shall have to punish you. Hold out your hand."

I held out my left hand.

"Left-hander, eh? That will have to be corrected."

He picked up a ruler from his desk and struck me twice across the palm. It stung a little bit.

"Now go back and tell Miss Hansen that I want to see that other girl."

Later, on the way home from school I told Orme about the office. There was no whipping machine there. Orme laughed and laughed.

"I just told you that so you'd be good in school."

"She made fun of my shoes, that girl," I told him.

"Well, don't take nothin' off these smart aleck kids," Orme advised. "Slap 'em down a few times and they'll learn to keep their mouths shut."

THE YELLOW ICE CUBE

Frances Shultz

It was a night
of strangeness:

Nothing really touched me.

Things--terrible things were happening
and I was a part.
I watched myself run for help.

There was an intense interest
as I watched
To see whether help was forthcoming.

Instinctively in my running
I looked up at the moon
It was a square

A yellow ice cube.

All the long night
The ice cube refused to melt,
Refused to disappear,
Mocked as the sun climbed into view.

Golden,
This prime light
Took no notice of the yellow ice cube.
And neither did I.

I never knew when it melted.

LISTEN, AND REMEMBER**Dennis Clark**

Looking back toward my years in grade school, I remember many beautiful things about our country and its struggle to survive. And yet today, these ideas are present in memory only. No more are the immortal words of Patrick Henry echoed throughout the halls of modern day institutions of learning. No more do we hear such words as patriotism, nationalism, or love of country.

Today's student, in his search for independent self-expression, has failed to see the root of his freedom. This land, the fresh open air we breathe, the vast and mysterious oceans, the towering

green, thickly forested mountains, everything God created that we think of as beautiful, came to us through sacrifice.

Yet, only a few of today's young adults realize this. Life is not, nor will it ever be, free. Are the anti-war or anti-draft demonstrations actually a protest against the inhumanities of war, or are they protests against self-sacrifice for some silly, old-fashioned thing called "love of country"? Are a few months of one's life, or even that life itself, so much to sacrifice for what is gained?

Why are today's youth unwilling to sacrifice themselves, as others have done in the past? Perhaps our answer lies with our colleges and universities.

Ideas of self-expression, freedom, and development of thought have been emphasized to such a degree that youth has forgotten the very format of our own America. William Tyler Page stated it so beautifully in "The American's Creed" when he wrote,

I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it; to support its constitution; to obey its laws; to respect its flag; and defend it against all enemies.

But perhaps all this has changed through modern education. Perhaps now, too, we may look upon Patrick Henry's,

Give me liberty, or give me death.
as simply a false dilemma.

THE GREEN OWL

Paul Ewald

Look down at the green owl
Whoo sits contented in the tree
High above me and utters meow, meow,
In a great loud roar.

When night comes out from behind the light
The green owl flaps his wings
And with them swings
From limb to limb
Muttering a Sunday School hymn.

PEANUTS



JUST PEANUTS

David Otness

It is to the greater Glory of the Revolution that Comrade Schulz has secured a place for his great People's Art even in a stronghold of American Capitalism. Our Citizen's Intelligence Service has captured the above copy of Comrade Schulz's work from the pages of the Astoria Imperialist Demagogic Press and placed it in our hands so that all Comrades Under the Skin may see, hear, and speak the Truth. By printing this brief, but accurate, account, we hope to inspire all Free Anti-Capitalist People to think, feel, and produce ever more in the Great World Struggle.

In the first frame we see the typical Peasant. His worth (in the jaded eyes of the Tyrannical Capitalist Overlord) is clearly indicated by the two signs hovering near his enfeebled body: "Peanuts." And clearly, this Downtrodden Proletarian is just "peanuts." He stands in a bleak, snow-swept landscape in shoes so tiny he is afflicted with fallen arches. He wears neither scarf nor mitten, neither ear muff nor cap. His furrowed brow and thinning hair testify to his Painful Life of Servitude. Even his native curiosity is dulled by Capitalist Enslavement. He holds a pencil stub and a cold, wet ball of snow, and from deep-set, squinting eyes peers ignorantly at this symbol of his value in life--this crumbling, crystalline crud.

The second frame depicts the Peasant bringing his pitiful possession to the Capitalist Master. We can only presume this Master would boot the Proletarian Slave back out into the snow, were not the latest Stock Market Averages being shown on the Bourgeois Television. Rather than turn and view the Crushed Peasant, the Capitalist, warm clean hands resting comfortably on her knees, smugly watches the Blood of the Working Class pour into her bank account. This Enemy of the People wears a clean, "fashionable," expensive dress, comfortable slippers and warm stockings. Even this Profiteer's hair shows the Lavish Indulgence that the Bourgoise can afford while Mankind stands five steps behind.

In the third frame, Feudal Decadence disgustedly asks what the Peasant Class could possibly have discovered that would interest Blood Money Christian Capitalism. The Proleterian (who may not even take off his coat) holds his precious disgrace in the prayerfully humiliating position taught him through his Abject Servitude. His eyes behold the Wall Street Reports while the melting snow drips ever deeper inside his coat sleeves. Hovering close to his enslaved mind is the brand of "All Rights Reserved" and "United Feature Syndicate, Inc."

At last the Peasant voices the Agony of his Exploited Existence: "You can't autograph a snowball." His mind, stifled by years of Indoctrination and Forced Labor, only half comprehends this pitiful condition. His forehead again becomes lined and his mouth again collapses into its inarticulate sag. His eyes dully peer at the dwindling mass of snow. Finally, while the Peasant sinks back into Tortured Oblivion, the Perpetrator and Perpetuator of it all--the Degenerate Capitalist--only briefly glances up from her Financial Savagery to wonder at what she has created.

This is the life of the Peasant under the Capitalist Imperialist Warmongers. This might again be the case in our own Free State except for Courageous Revolutionaries like Comrade Schulz. This innocent-appearing masterpiece of Cultural Truth is a stirring lesson to be taken to the heart by Every Comrade.

THOU SHALT NOT PLACE THIS CROWN OF PEANUTS UPON THE BROW OF
FREE PROLETARIAN WORKERS!

A DYING MOON

D. R. Memmott

Moon-phase at quarter light sleeps sound tonight.
A child is born on earth to cry the cries of life.
At the most youthful of youth the child is secure
In a lollipop world with soda-pop skies that rain
The sweetness of nature and the pleasant gloom of night.
But in the fields three thousand miles away men lie.
Unrecovered bodies soak in mud and blood;
Inside on rainy days children play.
Invincible shores make it safe for them to spend their time this
way.

But still the crack of a rifle and the boom of a mortar shell
Thunder as loud as a thunder cloud darkening in the sky.
The laws of humanity broken by war are as numberless as the dead;
For this my prayers are numbered and numbered are my days.
What say you?

Moon-phase in half its light, smiles bright.
A child is off to school to learn the lesson of a previous fool.
Cries of wolf echo on and on, day after day
But the night-club bands rock all night long just the same.
The day-time critics with much to say become the night-time
forgetters;
In the name of peace they wage their private war on authority.
In fear of death, they bring it, and school is out;
The flying bricks and bottles are as silent as the words they speak.
Once bright torch of a statue in the bay shines no more;
Doused by the bloody corpse of a warrior and resentment of a raging
war,
The work of two hundred years is washed away by raging rivers.
What do you?

The midget, in resentment,
snatches a wallet from the giant,
sneers at the giant's plea for return.
"Take it from me, giant,"
the little midget cries,
"and you're the bully, not I."
The weak midget is richer;
the strong giant is poorer and whimpering away
"the midget is mightier than I."

Moon-phase in all its light grew-up one night.
A once smiling child is now a man and fights a man's war.
A bullet pierces his chest and he lies down amongst the dead;
He smiles no more and the moonlight is smothered in lines of
darkness.
Smoldering ash on downtown sidewalk is swept away
Into a container and buried deep in forgetful earth,
What gain you?

Moon-phase shines no light, tonight or any night.
Lines of people, as they pass dressed in black
Look down at the lifeless form and mourn with tears.

ALL THAT REMAINS: A One Act Play**John Lang**

"All That Remains" is adapted from the song, "Visions of Johana" by Bob Dylan. The song is one of complete isolation, alienation and estrangement. In the first verse Dylan sings:

"...we're sitting here stranded
But we're all doing our best to deny it,
And Louise holds a handful of rain
Tempting you to defy it."

In the next verse:

"In the empty lot where the ladies play
Blind Man's Bluff with the key chain
And the all night girls whisper of escapades
Out on the D-train..."

(D most likely refers to dexathalimine, a consciousness expanding amphetamine.)

In the next verse:

"How Little Boy Lost takes himself so seriously
He brags of his misery..."
"...he sure has a lot of gall
To be so useless and all."

In the next verse:

"But Mona Lisa must have had the highway blues
You can tell by the way she smiles..."
"...but these visions of Johana
Make it all seem so cruel."

In the final verse:

"Name me someone who's not a parasite
And I'll go out and say a prayer for him..."
"...and these visions of Johana
Are now all that remains."

"Johana" is obviously the symbol of real love, the act of charity that alone will save Dylan from his emptiness and at the same time it is the only potent force in a world gone mad. Dylan looks all about him and realizes the futility and outright stupidity of all movements and patterns. Even art seems to lack any refuge or salvation (it is interesting to note that Dylan once referred to his own art as "Just pure vomit."). He shows us that the most real thing in this world is that gaping hole of nothingness in all of us, and that the only thing that will fill it is a strong and pure love coming from the depths of our nature, transcending all role-playing and do-gooding, being an end within itself and asking nothing in return. Dylan's anguish is that he cannot enact this love, and hence his only reality is these visions of that love.

For the play I have not approached Dylan as a famous artist, but rather the internal Dylan: an intense, intellectually honest stranger, and the ultimate outsider.

CHARACTERS:

HE: About twenty-one. He wears jeans and a turtle neck sweater.

LOUISE: About the same age. She wears glasses and dresses sloppily.

LITTLE BOY LOST: About the same age as the others. He dresses somewhat like HE.

ALL NIGHT GIRL: Same age as the others. She wears beads and the whole hippie paraphernalia.

LADY: A bit older than the rest. She dresses conservatively and neatly.

SCENE: The stage is bare except for two black drops that are arranged to form a V. As the curtain rises HE is sitting in the corner or apex of this V. HE is brooding. LOUISE and LITTLE BOY LOST enter.

LOUISE: Who's that?

LITTLE BOY LOST: I don't know. But he looks like our kind of people.

(They approach HE.)

LOUISE: Hi.

HE (distantly): Hello.

LOUISE: Do you mind if we sit here?

HE (same voice): I don't care.

LOUISE: I'm Louise and this is Little Boy Lost. What's your name?

HE: Don't have one.

LOST (a bit taken back): You don't have a name?

HE: Nope.

LOST: Why not?

HE: 'Cause I resigned.

LOUISE: Resigned?

HE: From the Great Society. From history.

LOUISE: How?

HE: I took my draft card, driver's license, birth certificate and Social Security card and burned them all and mailed them to Washington. I rendered unto Caesar that which was Caesar's.

LOST (sarcastically): Don't think about what Caesar is doing and it will all go away. Right?

HE (after looking at him for a long moment): Bug off!

LOST: So you think you're totally uninvolved, huh?

HE (impatiently): Nobody's totally uninvolved, but I'm doing my best.

LOST: Do you have any idea what the FBI is doing in America? Do you know that they're building legal concentration camps for all those that don't agree with their collectivist philosophy?

HE: "Operation Dragnet?"

LOST (surprised): How did you know that? (HE doesn't answer.) Well, if you know that, why are you just sitting there?

HE (impatiently): What would you like me to do? Maybe assassinate J. Edgar Hoover?

LOST: It wouldn't be a bad idea.

HE (sarcastically): It'd help the cause wouldn't it? Change everything.

LOST: O.K., that might be foolish, but there are other things to do. There's a lot of things happening.

HE: They're all escapes. All but Johana.

LOUISE: Johana?

HE: Never mind.

LOST: Who's Johana? What's Johana?

HE: You wouldn't understand.

LOST: Why?

HE (matter-of-factly): Because you're too damn stupid. And too damn blind,

LOST (angrily): Blind? You're blind if you can't see what's happening! This country is becoming a totalitarian bureaucracy!

HE: So?

LOST: So! So you're just going to sit in your corner?

HE: Bug off.

LOST (angrily): You bug off, man. The Philistines have been controlling things for far too long. Their time is gone and The Movement is going to bring back freedom, before America becomes COMPLETELY fascist.

LOUISE: Don't you know our generation is more politically aware and better educated than any other generation?

HE (with reserved sarcasm): Yes, I think I read that in Life Magazine. It must be true than.
(sings) "We shall overcome."
(staring at them) Right?

LOST: There aren't going to be any Johnsons and Rusks then.

HE: They're just scapegoats.

LOST (violently): Scapegoats?

HE: That's right. All they are are cogs and pawns. It's the system, not the asses running it.

LOST: The system will be broken.

HE (laughs): How? By a bunch of militant bastards like you running around with guns under your beds? You're all uptight about those legal concentration camps, but when you fanatics start shooting that's where you'll all be.

LOST: Who's a fanatic?

HE: You. Everybody.

LOST: I suppose you have a better answer?

HE: Johana.

LOST: What's that?

HE: I already told you--you're too stupid. Too blind.

LOST: Stupid? Blind? I ought to bust you in the mouth.

HE (laughing): That would prove you're right, wouldn't it? You'd show me.

LOUISE: So what are you doing?

HE: What I want. I'm free.

LOUISE: I mean, what's you're position?

HE: I resigned. No identity. No position.

LOUISE: Just because you burned all those things doesn't mean you've lost your identity.

HE: The only identity anyone would ever recognize.

LOUISE: I mean, what do you do for money?

HE: I despise it--that's what I do for it!

LOUISE: I mean how do you keep body and soul together?

HE: Why don't you mind your own business and bug off?

LOUISE (offended): You know, you certainly aren't very friendly.

HE: So?

LOST (enthusiastically and a bit apologetically): Look, if people with feelings like ours don't stick together technocracy will win.

HE: How do you know what my feelings are? You don't know me.

LOST: Well...I mean, you know what's happening--

HE: Yes, I do know what's happening. Technocracy has won. Our capitalistic system is getting more and more complex every day. And more and more people are revolting against it. Army stockades and brigs are overflowing with martyrs. So is Leavenworth. But so what? With every martyr, that much more political power goes to the Establishment. The system gets that much more complex and that much more powerful.

LOST: So there's no answer, huh? Nothing to do?

HE: Johana.

LOST: What--?

HE: Never mind. But the point is that you think that your childish idealism is going to change the system. But there's no room for morality or decency in capitalism. You have to exploit people, kill people if you want to keep up the economy. Man, there's a Cold War going on. If we left the Congo, Thailand, Vietman--and a lot more countries--if we left them alone, how long do you think they'd be pro-West? They hate us; they despise us; and why shouldn't they? What has the West ever done but exploit them? And then when the natives get angry the CIA sets up a puppet government. And the puppet government denounces the rebel forces as "communist aggressors."

(Enter ALL NIGHT GIRL.)

Sure we could leave everybody alone, but without their minerals and raw materials there'd be no more trade. Our whole economy would collapse. So the hell with it! They can make it to 1984 without me!

ALL NIGHT GIRL: Are you turned on?

(LOUISE and LOST look at her contemptuously.)

HE: Yeah.

GIRL: Ever turn on to Ozzlie?

HE: Yeah, purple. But speed was my trip.

GIRL: Crystal?

HE: Yeah, I turned on to that the most.

GIRL: You don't turn on any more?

HE (shaking his head): No. It's all an escape.

GIRL: You're not turned on if you think that. Acid is the journey into the part of the mind that even Freud wouldn't enter. If everybody dropped acid they'd see how beautiful everything is, and how absurd their stupid lives are.

HE: So? There's still the chasm between enlightenment and act.

GIRL: Someday that enlightenment will set history on a straight course.

HE: It'll be too late when Big Brother takes over. You'll have to go back to smoking onion skins and turning on to Morning Glory seeds.

GIRL: There'll always be acid. Anyway, it'll be legal then.

(Enter LADY)

HE: Not when Big Brother takes over. You think there's a lot of heat now? Just wait until you're forty. There'll only be two kinds of people then: the police and the non-police. The police are already paranoid, and with all the undercover spies and informers all the non-police will be paranoid too. (HE laughs.) Just think--the whole human race will be completely paranoid.

GIRL: I don't believe that.

HE: So?

GIRL: So!

HE: So who cares what you believe? Believe anything, and in anything you like. But there's nothing to believe in but Johana.

GIRL: Johana?

LOUISE and LOST: What IS Johana?

(HE looks at them for a moment and then, making a gesture of futility, looks away.)

LADY: I couldn't help overhearing. Is Johana God?

(HE stares blankly at LADY and then looks away.)

LADY: Well, are you religious?

HE: What's that?

LADY: Well, do you go to church?

GIRL: That's religious?

(GIRL and LADY exchange looks of contempt.)

HE: No, I don't go to church.

LADY: What about guidance? Don't you worry about salvation?

GIRL: Salvation!

(GIRL and LADY exchange the same looks again.)

HE: What's a church got to do with salvation or guidance?

LADY: Why, everything. It--

HE: Nothing! I used to be a Catholic. But you know what Pope John XXIII said? "I am a prisoner of the Vatican." You know why? Because all the bishops and cardinals were running things. The church is just another bureaucracy. Show up every Sunday, pay your tithe, and instant salvation upon death. Guidance! Be a solid citizen, and an upright member of the community. You bet. When the most immoral thing you can do in this world is pay your taxes. (Bitterly now) Don't talk to me about churches and religion. Organized religion like patriotism is just another whore.

LADY: What a disrespectful thing to say!

HE: Reality is disrespectful.

LOUISE: You know, you have the soul of a poet.

HE (unaffected): Oh.

LOUISE: You ought to be some kind of an artist.

HE (impatiently): I was an artist. A painter, to be exact. In fact, that was the most gratifying escape I found. But in the last analysis that's all it is. Art is just decoration on the walls of the void.

LOUISE (exasperated): Why--

HE: It's just a fungus. Artists are just like you and everybody else: parasites. Why create for a few people, a few intellectuals and art-lovers, when half the world is either starving, being exploited, having napalm dropped on them, or all three? Art has become just an amusement for your dull, dreary lives.

LOST: What do you mean we're all parasites.

HE: I mean you're all sucking the world into a hollow shell. You're too weak to be free so you have to cling to some phony cause or some worn, sick pattern of life. All your actions are meaningless, all of you are expendable, and all you ever do is figure ways to screw up things worse than they already were. Civilization is like a dead tree that

you've sucked to death, so now you spend your time pointing your fingers at one another, pretending they're to blame.

LOUISE: You're a cynic.

LOST: He's psychopathic.

LADY: An infidel.

GIRL: He's paranoid.

HE (jumping up angrily): No. I'll tell you what I am. I'm a nauseated expatriot of the world. You're all doing something about something, but what are you doing about nothing? That's what we're all filled with: nothing. And that's why you run around chasing your dreams and illusions.

LOUISE: But what is Johana?

HE: Johana is what you refuse to let me be. Johana is what you refuse to let exist. Your pettiness, snobbishness,

hatred and self-righteousness have murdered Johana. You can never understand what Johana is until you admit that you're a bunch of impotent and yet dangerous lunatics chasing abstractions and proselytizing dreams. You all make me vomit, so just have the decency to let me vomit in privacy, and BUG OFF!

(They all move back as if he were mad. HE sits back down again.)

LOUISE: Well, I'll tell you who makes me sick and that's that bourgeois bitch that thinks she's a lady.

LADY (slapping LOUISE): Who's a bitch? You pseudo-intellectual misfit.

GIRL: All you straight people are sick.

LADY: Shut up, you psychedelic cretin.

GIRL (slapping LOST): Who's a cretin, you political freak?

(The four of them begin to struggle; pulling hair, slapping and kicking one another, tearing clothes and calling one another names. HE stands up and looks blankly at them and exits. As the lights fade out they are still struggling.)

CURTAIN

THE PRICE

Pam Flynn

All rifles, machine guns, grenades, were silent
Each bullet had successfully found its mark.
A sultry breeze slowly cleared the smoke away
Revealing the bleeding bodies of uniformed men.
It seemed an eternity they had been fighting
All to be over in an instant.
Not a movement, not a sound, everything stilled.
But these men sprawled upon the ground didn't die in vain,
They weren't defeated--they were only killed.

A FAIRY TALE

Clifford Fick

There was once a great yellow palace high on a hill called Olympus. In this great yellow palace lived a group of powerful demon gods. These demon gods are said to have struck terror in the hearts of the village people living in the valley below.

There had been a time, once, when this village was a quiet little place, hidden in its quiet little valley, the people just living their quiet little lives. Life was slow in this little village and seldom was the day when a visitor came their way. People never moved faster than a turtle's gait. In fact,

they never did anything faster than a turtle's gait. If one were to work, or walk, or think any faster than a turtle might, he was considered a danger to the status quo of the quiet little village.

The people of this village pictured themselves as lily white and were intolerant of anything they thought was a shade of grey. They literally carried this principle to the utmost degree. It was proper to eat white bread but not whole wheat or rye. It was proper to eat white fish or potatoes but not salmon or squash. It was proper to live in a white house but not one of yellow or green. And certainly, it was proper to have a face of white but not one of yellow or black. All in all, this made for a very clean looking village, but their hearts in reality were as black as the darkest night. This grim truth was the saddest of all, for the people themselves did not know that they were plagued by the thing they fought so ruthlessly to control.

Two men came into the village one Tuesday afternoon. They drew great interest from the villagers since it had been more than a week since the last visitors had passed their way. These two visitors were of special interest to the village people for behind them they drew two carts heaped with books. When these two men stopped their carts and went into the cafe for a lunch of white fish and potatoes, one of the village elders and a young boy approached the carts and each opened one of the books. The elder, having seen what he had seen, jumped away, shocked and stunned; the words were printed in black, not the customary white on white. Having recovered from the initial shock, the elder ran about collecting the other elders, not even noticing that the young boy was sitting by the cart reading the evil black words. Once the elders had gathered, they set out straight for the forum to discuss the condemning of the two obviously evil visitors. Meanwhile, more and more young boys and girls had gathered around the carts until they made so much noise in their excitement that the elders were

disrupted from their meeting. The mere sight of all those children about the carts was proof enough, to the elders, that the young people were under the spell of the evil strangers.

As the strangers walked out of the cafe, they had a shock that would never be had by another human being for a thousand years henceforth. Children were climbing over the carts, reading page after page as they moved. The elders, fearing to get any closer to the cursed wagons, shouted from across the street such phrases as "Children save your souls!" "Curse those who falter beneath the dirty black word!" or "Ban the word!" or, best of all, "Whitewash, yes, black words, no."

The whole situation was about to get out of hand when the town sheriff came onto the scene atop his giant tortoise. He shouted for quiet and when it came, he ordered the two strangers to leave which they did very gracefully but somewhat faster than a turtle would. After dark, when the village was quieter than the usual quiet, the strangers reapproached the village, this time from the highest hill overlooking it.

The two strangers worked feverishly through the night and when morning came the villagers were astonished to see a tremendous yellow palace with two black C's on the front, standing on the highest hill above their village.

Upon seeing this, the elders immediately gathered and decided that it was certainly the work of the two evil strangers and the two black C's stood for "Children Come." It doesn't matter if the elders were wrong or right because the children went running up the hill to the great yellow palace. Every day henceforth the children went up the hill but every night they would return with wild stories such as that man evolved from the ape, that men aren't bad because their skin is not white, and many others too numerous to mention.

The elders of the village thought that it must surely be the work of fanatics bent on destroying their lily white village and replacing it with a dark shade of grey. The rumors grew until it came to the point that people were saying

that powerful demon gods lived in the great yellow palace and that they were contaminating the children with the evil ideas of individualism, democracy, and the like.

The truth of the matter is that the demon gods were actually messengers of knowledge and that the people of the village had come under the spell of the real demon god, bigotry. They had fooled themselves for years and years, hiding behind their masks of white. The elders of the village, having been intolerant of change, died a black death, but hope was still alive for the village as more and more villagers climbed the hill to be entranced by the messengers of knowledge. As more and more of the population were entranced, the attitude of fear changed to one of respect for the great yellow palace on the hill.

Slowly the village grew and its people became more liberal; the outside world looked into this village and saw a picture of opportunity. The elders continued to die off and with them the lily white image. Houses were painted yellow and green without

a second thought. Whole wheat bread and salmon became popular foods. And at last, a black face was as clean and pure as a white one.

Perhaps you know a town like this one with demon gods advocating change and lily white angels being intolerant to it. I know the place. I live there. Where do you live?

POEM FROM JAIL

A Student

I have stood still without zest
for the dance of Life;
Yet found myself continually
on the dance floor
With partners I did not know
And dances in which I did not know
how to move.

And all the while I didn't hear
The Symphony of Life;

Only a dull, slow, steady beat
in a heavy measure,
Drumming through my soul,
Indestructable
And undeniable.

There was no nook or corner
where I could even hide;
And here, a paradox, for now
I stare blankly at a prison wall,
Reading on it a vain regret.

* * *

Often
I would sleep, and wake unrested.
Often
The days were an empty existence,
and there is no companion for emptiness.
I would cry out for an end to it.

A piece of cut glass
Would draw my emotion
To draw my own blood.

Pain and Pleasure
Cancel one another out,
Leaving nothing;
So did it really make any difference,
When there is emptiness
Either way?

* * *

A dandelion seed glides gently
over the wall.

If there were true emptiness,
True darkness,
I could have chosen the end,
The deep sleep, surely,
by now.

But I cannot, for I am a prisoner
of Hope.

Though Hope may lie to mortals,
It is the one rock,
Undeniable, no matter
 How small, how unreasoned,
How even unwanted.

* * *

Gripping the edge of a high bridge,
I watched a bird
 alight beside me
And fly off.

Though I would want to sleep,
Hope kept me drowsily awake;
Hope for all the isolated incidents
of Love and Beauty that could
Justify the Pain.

Once, one whom I loved
would have chosen his end.

And I was too sad
For he had pointed toward Beauty
as we walked along together.

Once, another prisoner
wrote to me, "Remember:
the seed of love you planted
in me is being sown
To all I meet in this world."

Hope is just another four
letter word, like
Life. However small it becomes,
It remains
An undeniable obstacle.
Is it possible for it to
Wear into a sufficient insignificance?
Or might it be that someday I shall think
It has been good
To have a pebble in my shoe?

I GET THE MAIL!**Louise Kelly**

One interesting event in my childhood was the "getting of the mail." For this privilege I had to compete with my three brothers and one sister in our household. The one arising first, dashing downstairs in either warmth or chill and declaring to our parents, "I get the mail today!" won the glorious event. Mutters of disappointment could be heard from the sleepy competitors upstairs, for their day had already become uneventful.

The reason for this crazy contest probably was that we didn't circulate much, for our house was isolated in the country. Our

parents didn't dare venture into town with us five energetic youngsters if they had any shopping to do; therefore we remained at home resorting to our chief excitement, waiting for the mailman. The rural mail service was our great mainstay, not because we received any mail, but because of the attention we were given by our mail carrier, Bob Taylor. You'd have thought the Pony Express was due the way we carried on about his arrival. He always honked to announce his coming, or, sometimes, to make it possible to dodge five youngsters on the country road. He could really make a little guy or gal feel important; he never failed to ask us what the weather was going to do or to talk about our bicycles. Of course, whoever got the mail was the real center of attraction, and each sibling stood by and listened, hoping the present "king of the day" didn't receive more attention than he had when he had been king! At any rate, Mr. Taylor was always jovial and made the king deliciously happy.

I, being child number four, watched my older siblings move on to work and college. The days became lonelier as they added up to years, and soon there were only two of us left. The competition was gone--the fun was gone.

Since then, Mr. Taylor has passed away, and so has one of my brothers. I am married now, with children of my own, and I get a sad, sweet feeling of remembrance when one of them says, "I get the mail today!"

LOVE AND SCHOOL

Karl Jentzsch

Here I sit in a stranger's
seat. Whose it is I know
not, trying to think of figures
and facts but all that comes are
thoughts of you and me.

Here I sit, a stranger to this
school, trying to work figures and
facts, to pry the future to see
what it holds for you and me, but all
that happens is thoughts of you and a
head that goes round and round with eyes
that shut momentarily to wake with a
jerk and know that once again I've
been napping in a stranger's seat.

THANKSGIVING

Jane Bainer

He walked the streets, long locks flowing down his back.
His headgear was an Indian band replete
With peacock feathers. He looked to be eighteen.
To cut the chill he threw a ragged coat
Of fur across his shoulders. His fare was better
Than his siblings though:
He lapped up mayonnaise.

THE WHIMSICAL FANCY of the FLABBERGASTED NATIVES
THAT SETTLED in the GRAND CANYON in the WINTER OF '34

Randy Curs

It was a fine winter day as Mandrake sent smoke signals from the top of Chimney Rock. His fine wife, Shirley, was at the bottom of the canyon gathering roots and berries for a Thanksgiving feast. The rest of the troop were flashing their bean cans on the tall cliffs a few miles back.

Their style of dress was a little weird. They wore beer can necklaces, dresses made of cellophane, hip boots, and pencil

sharpeners attached to their little fingers. They walked on their right feet, and carried crutches in their left hands. Their sun-glasses were made of metal, causing them to walk a little on the rough side. On their backs were gallon jars filled with helium. For hats, bean cans were used, and when the sun was out they reflected a wonderful light show.

They played a wild bunch of notes. One fellow played a wooden flute with a portable record player as the mouthpiece. Another played drums, made from a hollow log. A girl sat and said "Wow" for three hours. Another chewed on rubber bands and recited the Phoenecian Alphabet. Mandrake clapped his hands and pulled a tiger's tail. His wife, Shirley, played a whistling yo-yo. The undertones were made with rocks, bells, and telephone poles.

When the group sat down to eat, they ate. Not a word was said. Berries, roots, gravy, meat, and beans were flying all over the place. Filth, grime, grit, and garbage collected at the corners of their mouths. Their teeth were yellow, and their greasy hair had taken on a bit of gravy. Childish grins encom-

passed their faces as they loaded their stomachs with the grub that was laid out on the table. Spiders worked better than toothpicks, and blood tasted better than water.

Their bathing habits were outrageous. They discarded their clothes and rolled in the dirt for approximately an hour. Then they picked a tree and climbed to the top. At the top, they shouted their names and said they loved America. Everyone burnt a small piece of white paper and ran to the lake to bathe. They prayed before entering and then shook hands. The waves created from the disturbance on the untouched lake reached heights of five feet. There was splashing, swimming, drinking, jumping and other ways of bathing, but no one tried to get clean. They then got ready for bed.

Bedtime was not an ordinary relationship. I would hate to describe what went on that night. A nymphomaniac would have been worn out. It was disgusting to see thirty natives indulging in pure social intercourse. The peacepipe was then passed around as they all took their places standing on their heads. They

slept this way all night as Mandrake took first guard. He had taken a white pill and was eating mushrooms from his garden to keep him awake. He shouted at the sky for a while, and then calmed down by throwing rocks at the moon.

The most peculiar thing that happened during the natives' period of settlement in the Grand Canyon took place the next morning. When they woke up, they got dressed and formed a circle around the campfire. Then they all ran as fast as they could in separate directions never to be seen again. It was a good trip.

RATS

William H. Fulton

Phase One:

Following gestation (nine months)
and the first fragile weeks

Subjects are placed in playpen Skinner boxes.
Standard Audio-Visual devices employed.

Phase Two begins after seven years: i.e.

Age of Reason.

Elementary symbol recognition:

Arithmetic, English,

And a foreign one for fun.

Crucifix and flag emphasized.

Caution: Unhappy Familiar Situations, Poverty, and similar Abnormalities Can Cause Derangement!

Phase Three: first mixed party, first date, first drink, high school, B average, good times.
Political convictions may now be issued.

Phase Four is a dangerous phase
During which many must be weeded out
As desire to escape from reality via radicalism
Generates improper social and sexual traits,
Referred to collectively as Communist.

Phase Five:
Specialization balanced by Social Conformity.
(Utopia)
E Pluribus Unum.

YOUTH DEMAND THE TRUTH
First Place Oratory Finals

Marcus J. Wright

Lies! Lies! Lies! Lies! Is our government administration made up of a bunch of professional prevaricators? Our present administration is giving the public and Congress false information creating a credibility gap which must be stopped and will be if the young people of today will demand to know the truth. We the young people who must fight their undeclared wars, we who are plagued by their vague decisions, we who are forced to die to make their hypocrisy honorable, we who in the end must inherit their appalling mistakes, need to be aware of the truth.

Prevarication is a part of every government, but the American Government does it somewhat more awkwardly than other nations. It seems that the downright lies are saved for the important occasions, such as Eisenhower's lie about the U-2 incident, Kennedy's problem over the Cuban missiles. Nearly every past administration has in one way or another deceived the public. They may say nothing, which in some instances is as damaging as a forked-tongue. But never before has there been an administration in the American Government so persistently charged with prevarication as the Johnson administration, sometimes termed Johnson's Credibility Gap. Kenneth Crawford, a Washington reporter, says "The Gap is defined as the measureable distance between Johnson's words and deeds, and the implication is that the administration lies about what it is doing as a matter of habit if not of policy."

In Autumn of 1966, the Opinion Research Corporation took a poll of Western Europe. They asked under which President--Johnson, Kennedy, or Eisenhower--American prestige was the greatest. The outcome was 74% Kennedy, 11% Eisenhower, and 27% Johnson. The Johnson administration has created a crisis of credibility by its flim-flam, showmanship and manipulation. This

has not only damaged the prestige of the United States overseas, but has also alienated the youth here in America.

When Johnson first took office on a plane bound for Washington, the reign of prevarication began. The Washington Post said Johnson would ask Congress for a \$4 billion excise tax cut. He denied the fact. Months later Johnson asked Congress for a \$3.9 billion cut in excise tax. During the 1965 steel price conflict, press secretary Bill Moyers said that no "White House Officials" were in contact with the companies for a settlement. Yet not long after, Johnson bragged privately about his role in the dispute and how he forced the companies to back down. July 27, at a press conference, Johnson said he had not yet considered a replacement for Supreme Court Justice Goldberg. The following day he appointed Abe Fortas.

Johnson's lies do not deal only with domestic problems but also with international problems, most specifically the widely publicized, "limited police action" in Vietnam more popularly termed the War. The Deputy Under-Secretary of State in the

spring of 1963 claimed that 30,000 Viet Cong had been killed in 1962, a number twice the estimated size of the Viet Cong forces at the beginning of the year. President Johnson on April 4, 1966, said that 50,000 of the enemy had been killed since the beginning of the year. Four months later the New York Times on August 10 said the enemy dead were 31,571 by official figures, a difference of 20,000. Secretary General U Thant has said publically that Americans are not getting the truth about possible Hanoi negotiations. Just a few weeks ago Senator William Fulbright accused the Johnson administration of lying to the Congress and the public about the Gulf of Tonkin in which two United States boats were said to have been attacked. Fulbright said that there was no evidence to support this incident which was an excuse to escalate the war. If these obvious prevarications are not enough to seriously affront the youth of America, then look for a moment at the fiasco involving the Warren Commission Report in which our government covered-up and hid evidence that later forced them to fabricate lies to protect their guilt. If never before the youth of this nation have had a right to rebel they presently have that right: when they must hear this fabrication of our government about the assassination of their hero John Fitzgerald Kennedy.

These lies and fabrications which time and time again disgust and disillusion us, need not hang as a dark cloud above our heads. I propose that the time to take action is now! Let the YOUTH DEMAND THE TRUTH!!! We as youth should actively participate in the political affairs of this nation. Let your presence be felt! Show your interest by joining a Young Republican or Young Democrat movement. Next you should become knowledgeable about political affairs and the operations of our government. Have a thorough understanding of the issues so that you can write intelligent letters to congressmen, newspapers, and even magazines, to express your views. Then, too, we can take every opportunity to speak out, on the air, in the classroom, during question and answer periods following a political speech, or at a speech tournament as I am doing here today.

I urge you as youth to demand the truth. In search of the truth, I urge you to participate, to be knowledgeable, and to speak out. Above all, take action now!!

SUNS ALWAYS SET**Linda Wahlstrom**

Setting suns brightly illuminating
all that is around them in their
last few seconds of today.

Brilliant blues, passionate pinks,
and whites, all set up and surround
the sunset on our beaches on bright
sun-shiny days; greys, of many
shades accenting whites on stormy,
fretful beach days.

Setting suns on the oceans, lakes and
forests, where have you set before?
Has your water beauty illuminated flora
and fauna in exactly this same way, before?
Your forest beauty the trees and surrounding
land before, in exactly the same way?

Have you BEEN before?

When setting on a mirror-like lake,
somehow managing to capture all plant
life, picture-like, has this ever been?

Setting suns, slowly easing yourselves into
the west for the night, radiating a few
last beacons of light.

Will you be back tomorrow?

UNTITLED

A. L. Otness

When the French peasants said they had no bread
And their bellies were starting to hurt,
Marie Antoinette, quite losing her head,
Suggested that they eat dessert.

When the young students said only a fool
Would die in Vietnamese dirt,
The Conservative School, quite losing its cool,
Suggested the traitors desert.

And so the lesson is clear as a light
And you needn't be clever or deft,
To see that when bread is held tightly by Right,
De(s)sert is the only thing Left.

A FRAGMENT**Victor Kennedy**

(Mr. Kennedy was a student during the 1966-67 school year.)

I do not like material objects. I do not like to describe material objects. Their tendency to glue themselves on to you scares me. I have not always disliked material objects. I used to collect them in the form of stamps, and I can remember what joy I used to have when I was able to put a new stamp into its proper border-enclosed space where it would radiate its happy heart with mine.

But most material objects do not stay where you put them. They can levitate and de-materialize at will. This is constantly

evident. A broom always walks away from where you just leaned it: so do pliers, screwdrivers, hammers, pencils, purses, class assignments, car keys.

Don't ever believe that you forget THEM! That's all part of their plan to live in you. They really want to take you over. They want your soul for their bed. If they can worry you enough by sneaking off when you lay them down somewhere, and hiding until just the right moment--which is one of sheer suicidal desperation for you--then they know you will joyfully welcome them when they reappear at will. Then you love them! They have won a place inside you. They have a part of your soul! That part of your soul is now called: screwdriver, hammer, pencil...

I do not like to describe material objects. That means I must drag my vocabulary of 2500 words, more or less, from out of someplace, in or around me, and float several of the pieces over to that material object. Once they arrive at the object they drip all over it, trying to find suitable locations for their housekeeping. Some hang onto the edges, some creep inside it, some try king-of-the-mountain to keep all other words away, and some just barely make it, then fall asleep.

Now I have to try and get all those words back into myself. Some words prefer to remain where they are, and some succeed. I used to think I forgot words, but now I believe they are hanging here and there about the world, happy and content to live without me. Those words that want to go on with me come when I call them. Unfortunately, they reenter me pell-mell. There is absolutely no order: big words, little words, capitalized words, number words, names. They all tumble around inside me like clothes in a dryer. They're all messed up and they all now have some characteristic of the material object. They simply do not care where they go in me. I find them in the damndest places sometimes.

My task is to get all these words piled up on top of my head so they can slide down my arm in an organized troupe and land just ahead of my pen. In this way I can put them on paper before they get away from me again. I have to do this very fast because they don't come down evenly. Sometimes a whole bunch will come gliding down, like a skier on the high jump, and gob up on the pen point. Sometimes they go right on off the paper as if they had some sort of

SHE WAS A GENIUS OF FEMININITY

John Lang

She was a genius of femininity, who:

Created erotic, avant-garde dramas
with her mouth;
Produced mad, impressionistic paintings
with her eyes;
Composed classic concertos
with her motions;
And gave lucid discourses on metaphysics
with her fingertips.

Like all geniuses she had a tragic destiny:

Death at eighteen,
in abject, esoteric poverty
brought on by over-indulgence in
American
Mores and artifacts.

FINIS

Blanche H. Pickering

Say not, when I am gone,
"Poor thing! Fate gave so little to her here."
Of man-made luxuries I've had but few.
Nor have I missed them much.
I've had the things that fill the heart
With deep content.
I've seen October's sunset, golden on the sea,
I've had a new-born babe, nuzzling at my breast.
The view from a mountain top was mine.
Great firs sang their evening song for me.
And, yes, I've had the cherished love
That only an honest man can give.
I've lived through joy, work, strife,
And now, I go. Nor would I have it otherwise.
Gladly, I lay this tired old body down,
To peace eternal.

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